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KITTY BROWN BEGINNING TO THINK, pp. 153.

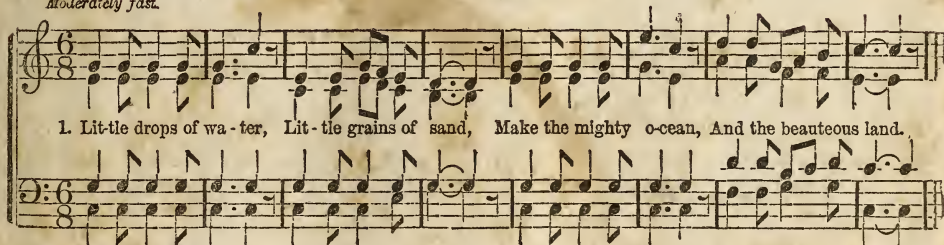
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ANNIVERSARY HYMNS AND MUSIC

WITH LARGE ADDITIONS.

Moderately fast.

LITTLE THINGS.



1. Lit-tle drops of wa-ter, Lit-tle grains of sand, Make the mighty o-cean, And the beauteous land.

And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

So our little errors,
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue
Oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands
Grow to bless the nations,
Far in heathen lands.

J. C. MEEKS
147 Nassau Street, N. Y.

CONTENTS.

PRECIOUS BIBLE.....	1	CELEBRATION.....	35
CRAMBAMBULI.....	2	WAVING BANNER.....	86
HOSANNA.....	3	THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.....	87
ANNIVERSARY HYMN.....	4	GRATEFUL PRAISE.....	38
THE SABBATH SCHOOL.....	5	SWEET DAY OF REST.....	29
PARTING HYMN.....	6	PRAISE TO JESUS.....	40
THE BRIGHTER WORLD.....	8	O. SEND FORTH THE BIBLE.....	41
CONSECRATION HYMN.....	9	PRECIOUS SAVIOUR.....	42
THE HAPPY MEETING.....	10	NOW BE THE GOSPEL BANNER.....	43
CORONATION.....	11	SONG OF GLADNESS.....	44
WE'LL NOT GIVE UP THE BIBLE.....	12	ANNUAL MEETING.....	45
SONG OF CHILDREN.....	13	THE BIBLE! THE BIBLE.....	46
THE HAPPY LAND.....	14	THE FESTIVE SONG.....	47
TEMPERANCE CALL.....	15	CHRIST—THE RIVER OF LIFE.....	48
WE COME, WE COME.....	16	OPENING HYMN.....	49
THE CHILD'S DESIRE.....	17	THE TREE OF LIFE.....	50
CHILDREN'S HOSANNA.....	18	CLOSING HYMN.....	51
O COME, LET US SING.....	19	FILBERT STREET.....	52
COME, YE CHILDREN.....	20	ERM.....	53
ANNIVERSARY OPENING HYMN.....	21	WORSHIP.....	54
MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE.....	22	JUBILEE.....	55
HOW BEAUTEUS ARE THEIR FEET.....	23	FLEET STREET.....	56
NOTES OF PRAISE.....	24	LET EVERY HEART REJOICE.....	57
THE BIBLE.....	25	DARK NIGHT AWAY HATH ROLL'D.....	58
BLOOMFIELD.....	26	THER'LL BE NO PARTING THERE.....	59
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.....	27	THE CHILDREN'S CALL TO HEAVEN.....	60
SUMMER'S DAY.....	28	SETON.....	61
OUR OFFERING.....	29	ZELL.....	62
PARTING HYMN.....	30	THANKS TO OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.....	63
THE GATHERING.....	31	SONG OF PRAISE.....	64
LISCHER.....	32	CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.....	65
COME, LET US SING OF JESUS.....	33	MILNOR.....	66
ARIEL.....	34	BLESSED BIBLE.....	67

THE PRECIOUS BIBLE.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1

1. What is it shows my soul the way To realms of ev - er - last - ing day, And
tells the dan - ger of de - lay? It is the pre - cious

2.

What teaches me I'm bound to love
The glorious God who reigns above,
And that I may his goodness prove?
It is the precious Bible.

3.

What is it gives my spirit rest,
When with the cares of earth oppressed,
And points to regions of the blest?
It is the precious Bible.

4.

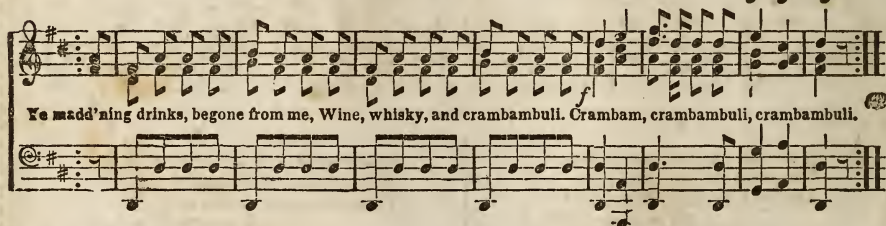
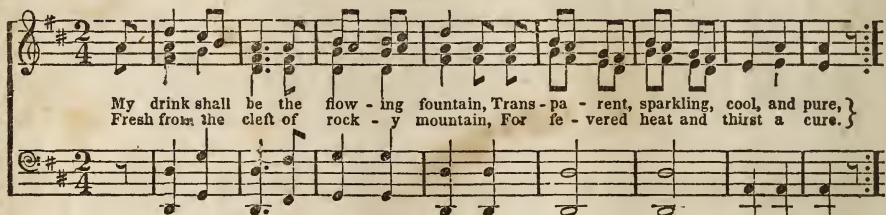
What tells me that I soon must die
And to the throne of judgment fly
To meet the great Jehovah's eye?
It is the precious Bible

5.

Oh may this treasure ever be
The best of all on earth to me,
And still new beauties may I see
In this the precious Bible.

CRAMBAMBULI*

A Temperance Song.



2 I saw a sight most melancholy,
 A drunkard in the public way :
 His face was fire, his voice was folly ;
 There, wallowing, like a swine, he lay.
 Ye drinks of fools, begone from me,
 Gin, porter, and crambambuli.

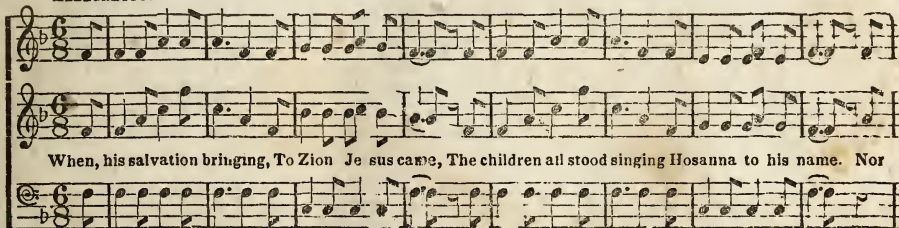
3 Long as I live, the thought I'll cherish,
 If Heaven vouchsafe to keep me free,
 Strong drink is but the way to perish,
 Cold water is the drink for me.
 Ye murderous drinks, be gone from me,
 Beer, brandy, and cramoambuli.

* NOTE.—This odd title is derived from the famous *Crambambuli-Song*, of the German students, and is adapted to the same tune, which was deemed too good to be confined to words so convivial and absurd. *Crambambuli* is the name of a drink, too common in German universities, and prepared in an earthenware dish, by mixing rum and sugar, and setting it on fire.

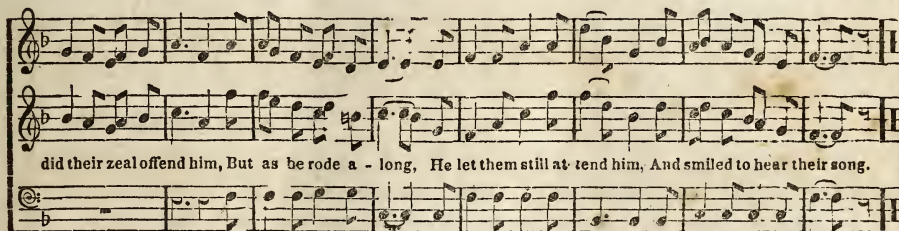
HOSANNA.

3

ALLEGRETTO.



When, his salvation bringing, To Zion Je sus came, The children all stood singing Hosanna to his name. Nor



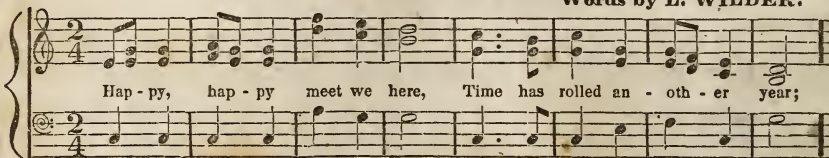
did their zeal offend him, But as he rode a - long, He let them still at- tend him, And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still;
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill:
We'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon the throne;
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."

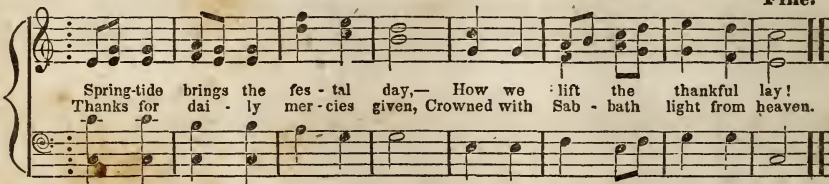
3 For should we fail proclaiming,
Our great Redeemer's praise;
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well hosanna raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

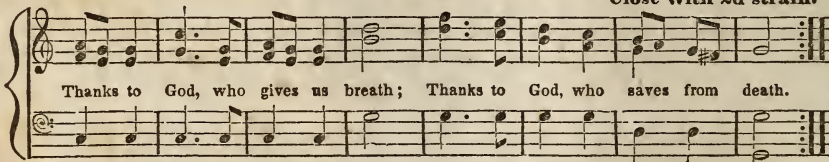
Words by L. WILDER.



Fine.



Close with 2d strain.



Happy, happy meet we here—
Blessed Jesus, be thou near;
Let our pleasures ever be
Only those approved by thee.
Praise the Saviour's precious name,—
He to save from heaven came,—
For our sins did bleed and die—
Now he pleads for us on high.

Happy, happy meet we here,
Parents, Pastors, Teachers dear;
All, with gladsome heart and voice,
Share with us our festive joys.
Thanks to God, for parents kind;
Thanks for friends, with hearts inclined
Thus to guide us in the road,
Leading safely up to God.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

5

J. M. B.

1 On Sab-bath morn-ing, O how plea-sant To come to Sab-bath school!

2 For there we meet each gen-tle teach-er, With-out a frown or rod;

When eve-ry hap-py child is pre-sent, And eve-ry seat is full.
And some-times too, our dear, kind preach-er, Who speak to us of God.

- 3 But, best of all, the lowly Saviour
Is where his children meet,
And show, by quiet, meek behaviour,
They're sitting at his feet.
- 4 How sweet, when all are lowly bending,
To ask His blessing there;
Or when in praise our voices blending,
Thank Him who hears the prayer.
- 5 The blessed Bible then engages
Each youthful heart and eye,
To learn of God's own holy pages
The wisdom from on high.

- 6 And surely He, who feeds the-flowers
With heaven's own morning dew,
Will send on our young hearts the showers
Of heavenly blessing too.
- 7 Then let us gladly gather round Him,
And love Him while we may,
For they who seek have always found Him,
E'en in their early day.
- 8 And when life's Sabbaths all are ended,
We all may meet above,
Where He for us hath now ascended,
Our Father's house of love.

Ann. S. S. Union,

[146 Chestnut st., Philada.

PARTING HYMN.

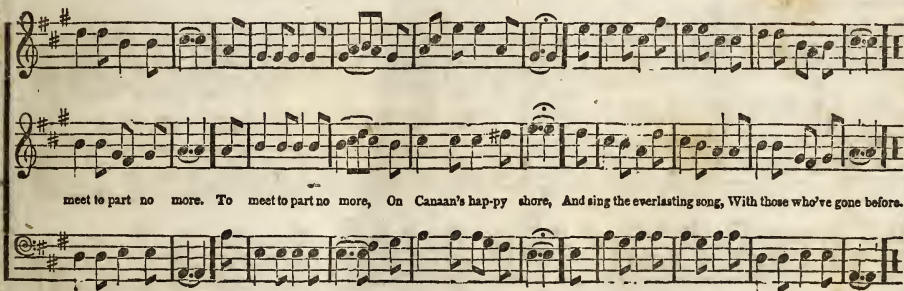
1 How pleasant thus to dwell be-low, In fel-low-ship of love; } The good shall meet a - bove, The good shall meet a - bove;
 And though we part, tis bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove. }

CHORUS.

And though we part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove. O! that will be joy-ful, joy-ful, joy-ful! O! that will be joy-ful, To

PARTING HYMN. (Concluded.)

7



2 Yes, nappy thought! when we are free
From earthly grief and pain,
In heaven we shall each other see,
And never part again.
O! that will be joyful! &c.


3 The children who have loved the Lord
Shall hail their teachers there;
And teachers gain the rich reward
Of all their toil and care.
O! that will be joyful! &c.

4 Then let us each, in strength divine,
Still walk in wisdom's ways;
That we, with those we love, may join
In never-ending praise.

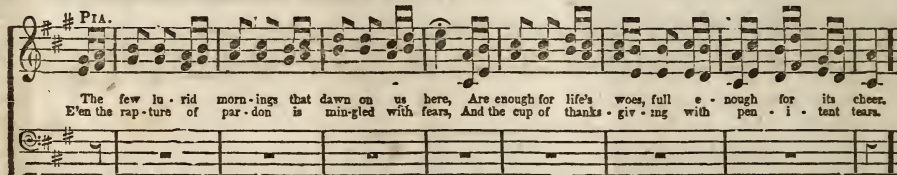
O! that will be joyful, joyful, joyful!
O! that will be joyful.
To meet to part no more.
To meet to part no more,
On Canaan's happy shore,
And sing the everlasting song,
With those who've gone before.

THE BRIGHTER WORLD.

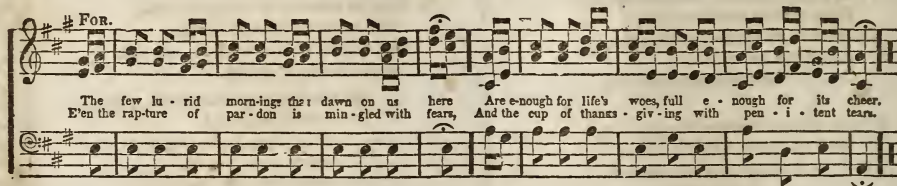
First time Duett, Trebles.



1. I would not live al - way: I ask not o - stay Where storm af - ter storm ri - ses dark o'er the way;
 2. I would not live al - way, thus fet-ter'd: v ain, Tempt - a - tion with - out and sor - rup - tion with - in.
Repeat in Chorus.



PIA.
 The few lu - rid morn - ings that dawn on us here, Are enough for life's woes, full e - nough for its cheer.
 E'en the rap - ture of par - don is min - gled with fears, And the cup of thanks - giv - ing with pen - i - tent tears.



FOR.
 The few lu - rid morn - ings that dawn on us here, Are enough for life's woes, full e - nough for its cheer.
 E'en the rap - ture of par - don is min - gled with fears, And the cup of thanks - giv - ing with pen - i - tent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb; 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God; 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Since Jesus hath laid there, I tread not its gloom; Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode; Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
 There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise, Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains; While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 To hail him in triumph descending the skies. And the noontide of glory eternally reigns: And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!
 Am. S. S. Union.] [146 Chestnut st., Phila da.

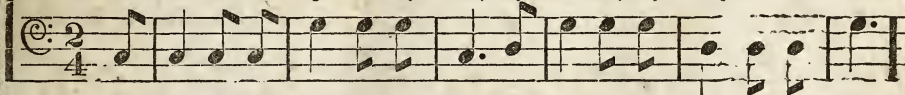
CONSECRATION HYMN.

9

Tune—NEWPORT.



O! Je - sus! de - light of my soul, My Sa - viour, my Shep - herd di - vine!



I yield to thy bless - ed con - trol, My bo - dy and spi - rit are thine.

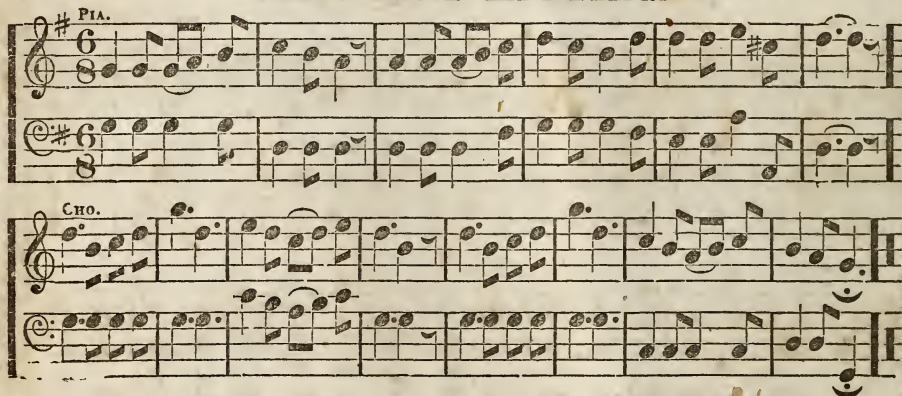


2 Thy love I can never deserve,
That bids me be happy in thee;
My God and my King I will serve,
Whose favour is heaven to me.

3 How can I thy goodness repay,
By nature so weak and defiled?
Myself I have given away,
O call me thine own little chld.

4 And art thou my Father above?
Will Jesus abide in my heart?
O bind me so fast with thy love
That I never from thee shall depart.

THE HAPPY MEETING.



Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In heaven we part no more.

CHORUS.

O! that will be joyful!
Joyful, joyful, joyful!
O! that will be joyful!

When we meet to part no more.

All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above.

O! that will be joyful! &c.

Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every Sunday-school.

O! that will be joyful! &c.

Teachers, too, shall meet above,
And our Pastors, whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.

O! that will be joyful! &c.

O! how happy we shall be!
For our Saviour we shall see,
Exalted on his throne!

O! that will be joyful! &c.

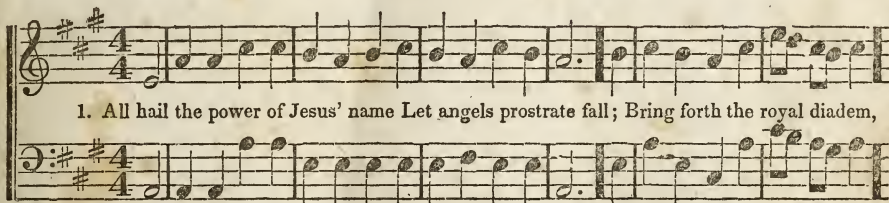
There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ,
In praising Christ, the Lord.

O! that will be joyful!
Joyful, joyful, joyful!
O! that will be joyful!

When we meet to part no more.

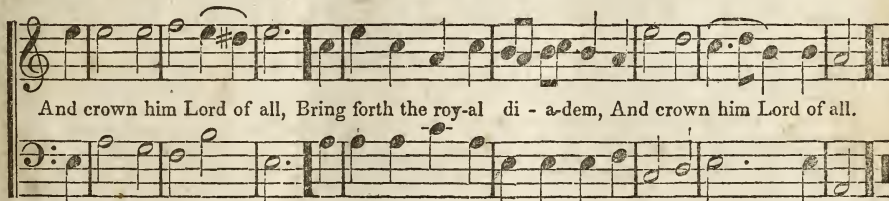
CORONATION.

11



1. All hail the power of Jesus' name Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem,

2. Crown him, ye martyrs of our God, Who from his altar call; Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,



And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy-al di - a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.

And crown him Lord of all, Ex-tol the stem of Jes-se's rod, And crown him Lord of all.

3. Hail him ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David, Lord, did call;
The God incarnate! Man divine!
And crown him Lord of all.
4. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall;
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

5. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall:
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
6. Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all,

WE'LL NOT GIVE UP THE BIBLE!

The musical score is written for a four-part vocal setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major (one sharp) and 4/8 time. It consists of three systems of staves. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words in italics. The melody is simple and catchy, with a strong emphasis on the title.

We won't give up the Bible— God's holy book of truth, The blessed staff of hoary age, The
guide of early youth,—The lamp which sheds a glorious light, O'er every dreary road,—The voice which speaks
a Saviour's love And leads us home to God. We won't give up the Bible— God's holy book of truth

We won't give up the Bible
For it alone can tell
The way to save our ruined soul
From being sent to hell.
And it alone can tell us how
We can have hopes of heaven—
That through the Saviour's precious blood
Our sins may be forgiven.
We won't give up the Bible,
God's holy book of truth.

We won't give up the Bible;
But if ye force away
What is as our own life-blood dear,
We still with joy could say:

'The words that we have learned while young
Shall follow all our days;
For they're engraven on our own hearts,
And you can not erase."
We won't give up the Bible, &c.

We won't give up the Bible—
We'll shout it far and wide;
Until the echo shall be heard
Beyond the rolling tide.
Till all shall know that we, though young,
Withstand each treach'rous art;
And that from God's own sacred word
We'll never, never part!
We won't give up the Bible, &c.

SONG OF CHILDREN.

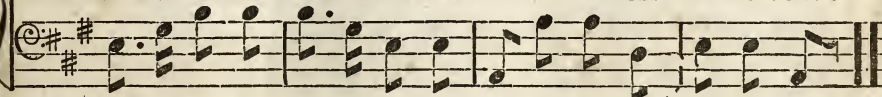
13



Once was heard the song of chil-dren, By the Saviour when on earth ;
Joy - ful in the sa - cred tem-ple Shouts of youthful praise and birth, }



And Hosan - nas And Hosan - nas Loud to Da-vid's Son broke forth.



Palms of victory strewn around him,
Garments spread beneath his feet,
Prophet of the Lord they crowned him,
In fair Salem's crowded street,
While Hosannas
From the lips of children greet.

Blessed Saviour, now triumphant,
Glorified and throned on high,
Mortal lays from man or infant,
Vain to tell thy praise essay ;
But Hosannas
Swell the chorus of the sky,

God o'er all in Heaven reigning,
We this day thy glory sing—
Not with palms thy pathway strewing,
We would loftier tribute bring—
Glad Hosannas
To our *Prophet, Priest and King.*

O, though humble is our offering,
Deign accept our grateful lays—
These from children once proceeding,
Thou didst deem "perfected praise."
Now Hosannas,
Saviour, Lord, to thee we raise

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - - way, Where saints in
 glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day. O how they sweetly sing, Worthy is our
 Sav-iour King, Loud let his prai-ses ring, Praise, praise for aye.

2. Come to that happy land,
 Come, come away;
 Why will ye doubting stand,
 Why still delay?

Oh, we shall happy be,
 When from sin and sorrow free!

{ Lord, we shall live with thee,
 Blest, blest for aye.

3. Bright, in that happy land,
 Beams ev'ry eye;
 Kept by a Father's hand,

{ Love cannot die.

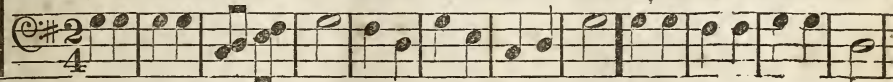
Oh, then, to glory run;
 Be a crown and kingdom won;
 And bright, above the sun,
 We reign for aye.

TEMPERANCE CALL.

15

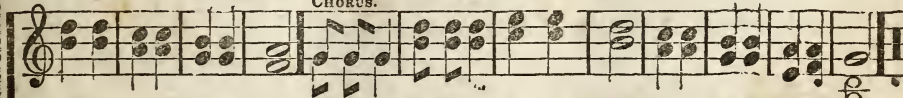


1. Children all, both great and small, Answer to the temp'rance call; Mary, Marg'ret, Jane and Sue,

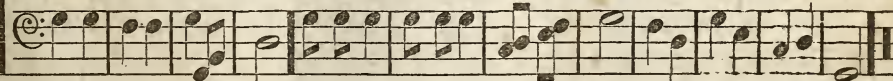


2. No strong drink shall pass our lips, He's in danger who but sips. Come, then, children, one and all,

CHORUS.



Charlotte, Ann and Fanny too, Cheer-i-ly, heart-i-ly come a - long, Sign our pledge and sing our song.



Answer to the temp'rance call; Cheer-i-ly, read-i-ly come a - long, Sign our pledge and sing our song.

3. Where's the boy that would not shrink
From the bondage of strong drink?
Come then, Joseph, Charles and Tom,
Henry, Samuel, James and John;
Cheerily, eagerly come along,
Sign our pledge and sing our song.
4. Who have mis'ry, want and wo?
All who to the bottle go.
We resolve their road to shun,
And in temp'rance paths to run.
Cheerfully, manfully come along, Sign, &c.

5. Good cold water does for us;
Costs no money; makes none worse;
Gives no bruises; steals no brains;
Breeds no quarrels, woes, nor pains.
Readily, joyfully come along, Sign, &c.
6. Who would life and health prolong?
Who'd be happy, wise and strong?
Let alone the drunkard's bane,
Half-way pledges are in vain.
Cheerful y, joyfully, you and you,
Sign the pledge and keep it too.

16 ALLEGRETTO. WE COME, WE COME!

1 We come, we come, with loud acclaim, To sing the praise of Je - sus' name; And make the vault ed tem - ple ring
2 We come, we come, the song to swell, To him who loved our world so well; That stooping from his Fa - ther's throne,

With loud ho-san-nas to our King. With joy - ful heart and smil - ing face, We gather round the throne of grace,
He died to claim it as his own. With joy we haste the aisles to fill, Yet youth - ful bands are gather - ing still:

We gather, gather round the throne of grace,
Yet youthful, youthful bands are gathering still:
DIM.

And low - ly bend to of - fer there, From in - fant lips our humble prayer; To Him who slept on Mary's knee,
O, thus may we in heav'n a - bove, U - nite in praises and in love; And still the an - gels fill their home

And low - ly bend to of - fer there, From in - fant lips our humble prayer;
O, thus may we in heav'n a - bove, U - nite in praises and in love;

Cres. A ge - te chil - as young as we, A child as young as we, A child as young as we,
With joy - ful cry - "They come, they come," With joy - ful cry - "They come,"
D.C.

THE CHILD'S DESIRE.

17

I think, when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je-sus was here a-mong men, How he

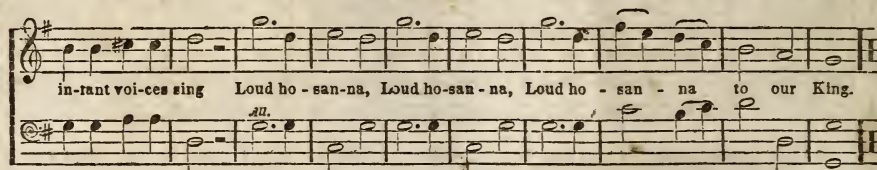
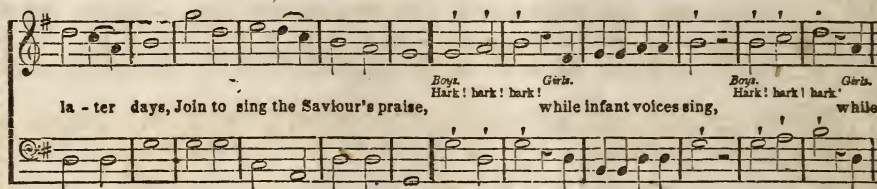
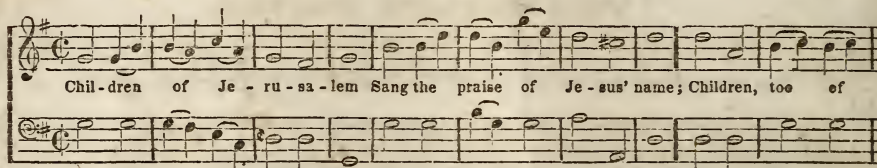
call'd lit-tle chil-dren as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish thine hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above;

4 In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

CHILDREN'S HOSANNA.



2 We have often heard and read
What the royal psalmist said:
Babes and sucklings' artless lays,
Shall proclaim the Saviour's praise.
Hark! &c.

[Am. S. S. Union.]

3 We are taught to love the Lord,
We are taught to read his word,
We are taught the way to heaven,
Praise to God for all be given.
Hark! &c.

4 Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song;
Higher and yet higher rise,
Till hosanna reach the skies.
Hark! we all unite to sing, &c.

[146 Chestnut st., Philada.]

O COME, LET US SING!

19

O come let us sing, Our youthful hearts now swelling To God above, a God of love; O come let us sing.

Our joyful spi - rits glad and free, With high emotions rise to thee, In heavenly melody - O come let us sing.

HYMN II.

O come, let us sing!
Our youthful hearts now swelling
To God above, a God of love—
O come, let us sing!
Our joyful spirits, glad and free,
With high emotions rise to thee,
In heavenly melody—
O come, let us sing!

The full notes prolong.
Our festal celebrating,
We hail the day with cheerful lay,
And full notes prolong.
Both cheerful youth and silvery age,
And childhood pure, the gay, the sage,
These thrilling scenes engage,
Full notes to prolong.

O swell, swell the song,
His praises oft repeating;
His Son he gave our souls to save—
O swell the new song.

The humble heart's devotion bring,
Whence gushing streams of love do spring,
And make the welkin ring
With sweet-swelling song.

We'll chant, chant his praise—
Our lofty strains now blending;
A tribute bring to Christ our King,
And chant, chant his praise.
Our Saviour, Prince, was crucified,
'Tis finish'd, then he meekly cried,
And bow'd his head and died—
Angels chant his praise!

All full chorus join,
To Jesus condescending
To bless our race with heavenly grace,
All full chorus join!
To God, whose mercy on us smiled,
And Holy Spirit, reconciled
By Christ, the meek and mild,
All full chorus join!

E. R. M'GREGOR

COME, YE CHILDREN, AND ADORE HIM.

The musical score is written for four parts: Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. It is in the key of D major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a repeat sign after the first line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Come ye chil-dren and a-dore him, Lord of all he reigns a-bove; } He will grant you ev-ery
 Come and wor-ship now be-fore him, He hath called you by his love. }

blessing, Of his all abounding grace; Come with humble hearts, expressing All your gratitude and praise.

HYMN L. *Tune, Harwell. 8 & 7*

TEACHERS.

Come, ye children, and ador him,
 Lord of all, he reigns above;
 Come, and worship now before him,
 He hath call'd you by his love.
 He will grant you every blessing
 Of his all-abounding grace:
 Come, with humble hearts expressing
 All your gratitude and praise.

CHILDREN.

On this holy day of gladness,
 We will join in praises meet;
 Every bosom free from sadness—
 All with happiness replete.
 O to feel the love of Jesus!
 O to know that from above
 Still our heavenly Father sees us
 With an eye of tender love!

TEACHERS.

Dearest children, now adore him;
 Swell aloud the joyful strain;

Let the nations bow before him—
 Echo back the notes again.
 While he will accept the praises
 E'en from every heart and tongue;
 Those to him an infant raises,
 Still are sweetest of the song.

CHILDREN.

Lord of all, our hearts' oblation
 Now ascends to thee alone;
 We would come, with all the nation,
 Now to worship at thy throne.
 Teachers! will you join the chorus?
 Join in hymning forth his praise,
 Who, for our redemption shows us
 All the riches of his grace.

TEACHERS AND CHILDREN.

Praise to thee, O Lord, for ever!
 Gladly now we all unite;
 Praise to thee, O God! the giver,
 Blessed Lord, of life and light!
 Ransom'd nation, spread the story;
 Rescued people, ne'er give o'er;
 All his grace and all his glory
 O proclaim for evermore!

ANNIVERSARY OPENING HYMN.—No. 1.

21

Lively.

Words and Music by L. WILDER.

{ Hap - py, hap - py meet we here, Time has rolled a - nother year,
 { Spring - tide brings the fes - tal day, (Omit) Loud we lift the
 D.C. Thanks for dai - ly mer - cies given, (Omit) Crowned with sab - bath

End. Full.

D. C.

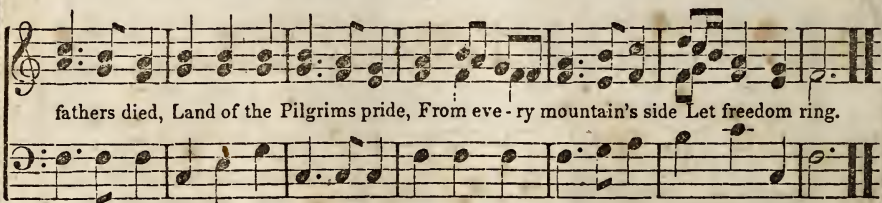
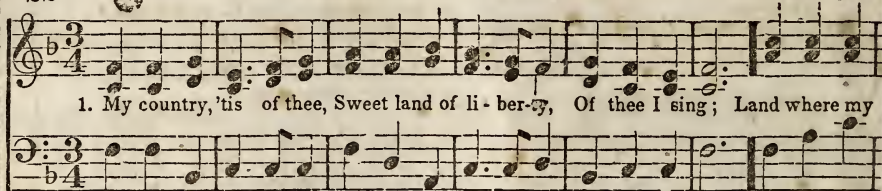
thank - ful lay. Thanks to God who gives us breath, Thanks to God who saves from death,
 light from heaven. D.C.

End. Full.

D. C.

Happy, happy meet we here—
 Blessed Jesus be thou near;
 Let our pleasures ever be
 Only those approved by thee.
 Praise the Saviour's precious name,
 He, to save, from heaven came,
 For our sins did bleed and die—
 Now he pleads for us on high.

Happy, happy meet we here—
 Parents, Pastors, Teachers dear;
 All, with gladsome heart and voice,
 Share with us our festive joys:
 Thanks to God for parents kind,
 Thanks for friends with hearts inclined,
 Thus to guide us on the road
 Leading safely up to God.



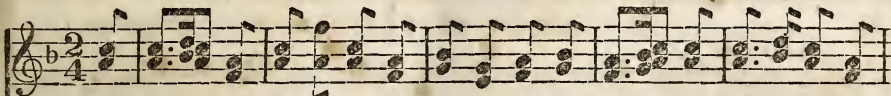
2. My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

4. Our fathers' God! to thee
Author of liberty!
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God our King!

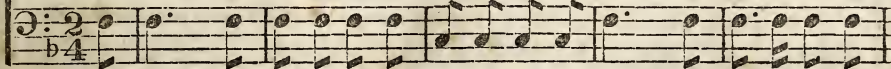
3. Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

HOW BEAUTEONS ARE THEIR FEET.

23



1. How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Zi-on's hill; Who bring sal-va-tion



on their tongues, And words of peace re-veal. How charm-ing is their voice, How



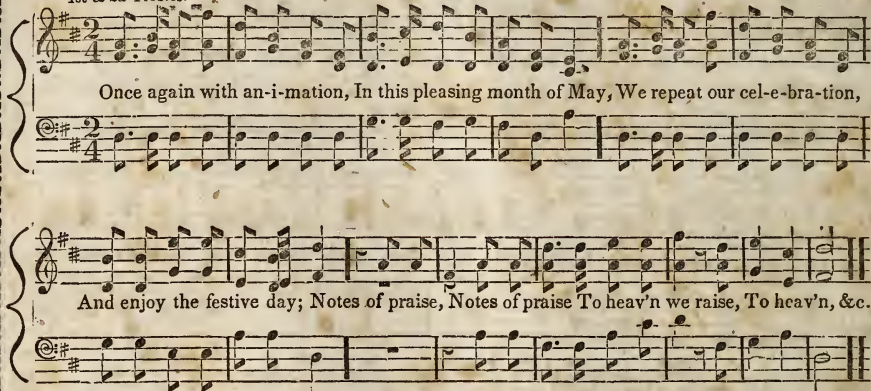
sweet their ti-dings are! "Zi-on, behold thy Sa-viour, King, He reigns and triumphs here."



2. How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found.
How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
The saints of old desired it long,
But died without the sight.

3. The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
The Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour, and their God

1st & 2d Trebles.



Parents, teachers, friends and neighbors,
Met with us this welcome hour;
Thanks for all your cares and labors,
In our grateful songs we pour,
Notes of praise, &c.

And let gratitude awaken,
To the God who rules above;
He hath never yet forsaken,
Nor withheld his tender love.
Notes of praise, &c.

We—so full of sin and folly,
Oft forget and disbelieve;
He—so excellent, so holy,
Still is waiting to forgive.
Notes of praise, &c.

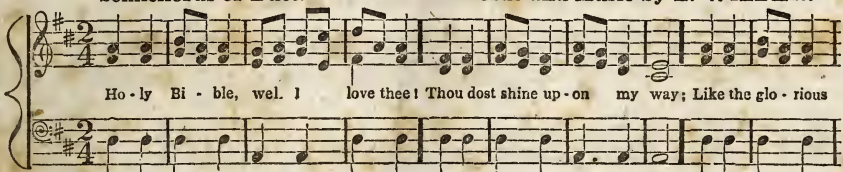
To his arms we're yet invited;
'Tis the Savior bids us come:
Let us then, with hearts united,
Seek through him a heav'nly home.
Notes of praise, &c.

THE BIBLE.—Hymn No. 2.

25

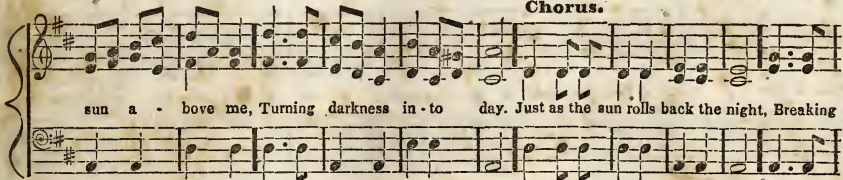
Semichorus or Duet.

Words and Music by L. WILDER.

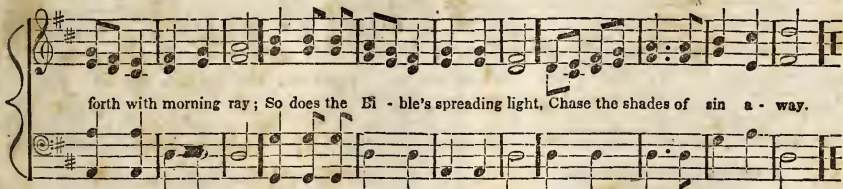


Ho - ly Bi - ble, wel. I love thee! Thou dost shine up - on my way; Like the glo - rious

Chorus.



sun a - bove me, Turning darkness in - to day. Just as the sun rolls back the night, Breaking



forth with morning ray; So does the Bi - ble's spreading light, Chase the shades of sin a - way.

Holy Bible, mines of treasure

In thy precious folds I see;

Earthly good would know no measure,

If this world were ruled by thee.

Chorus. Just as the sun, from morn till noon,

Stately climbs the eastern sky,

So over all the earth shall soon

Beam the Day-spring from on high.

Holy Bible, thou wilt cheer me,

When I lay me down to die;

Christ has promised to be near me—

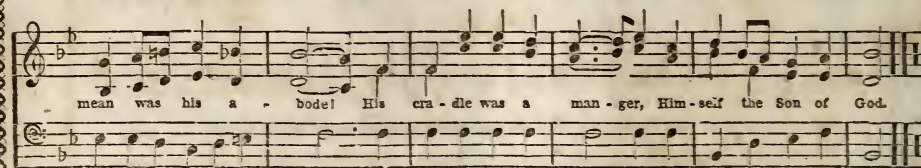
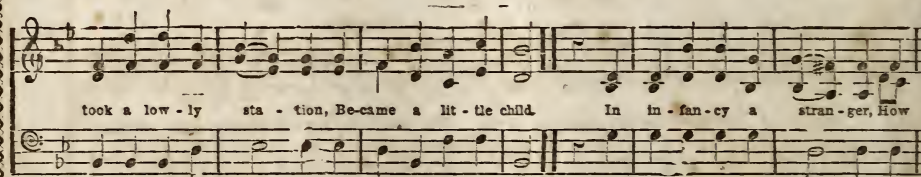
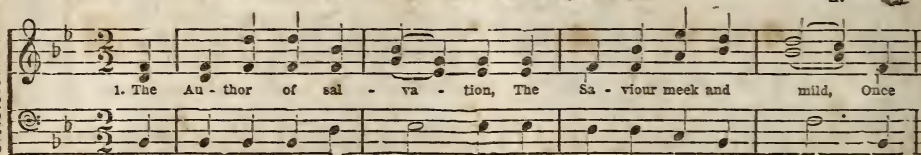
Can I fear when He is nigh?

Chorus. Just as the sun descends at eve,

Soon with fresher beams to rise,

So shall the dying saint receive

Life eternal in the skies.



2. His earthly parents found him
 Submissive day by day,
 So meek to all around him,
 So ready to obey.
 No stain of sin or folly
 Could ever cloud his brow;
 His heart so pure and holy
 With love would ever glow.

3. And when his foes assail'd him,
 He sought but to forgive;
 When to the cross they nail'd him,
 He died that they might live
 This bright example shows us
 What duties to fulfil:
 Oh let it now arouse us
 To learn and do his will!

1. The Sun-day-school, how dear to me! With - in thy walls I love to be, My youth - ful heart with
 2. 'Tis here that I my teach - ers see, Who al - ways pleased to welcome me, As on the Sab-bath

joy is full When I am in the Sun-day-school— The Sun - day - school. The
 day we meet In our ac - cus - tom'd class and seat—

Sun - day - school. The Sun - day school. The Sun - day - school.

'Tis here that I am taught to and
 God's holy word, and feel the need
 Of quick'ning grace and pard'ning love,
 To fit me for your heaven above—

In Sunday-school.

'Tis here that I am taught to pray,
 And love God's holy Sabbath-day;
 To sing his praise and learn his will,
 And all my duties to fulfill—

In Sunday-school.

'Tis here I learn that Christ has died,
 That he for me was crucified:
 That he my precious soul has bought
 These blessed truths I here am taught—

In Sunday-school.

I love at times to sport and play,
 And much I love a holiday:
 But then I always make a rule

To love still more the Sunday-school— The Sunday-school

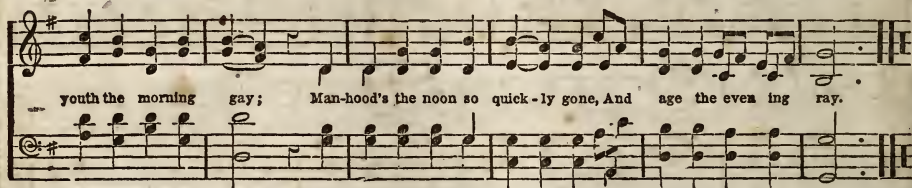
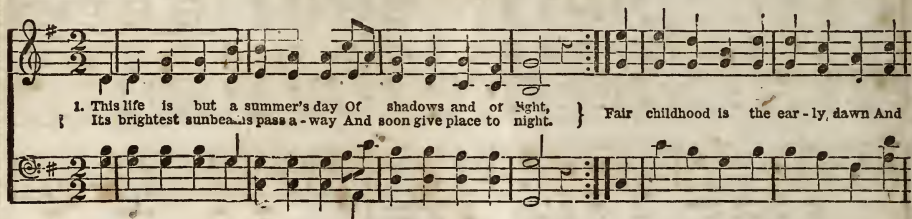
These golden hours will soon be o'er,
 And I shall go to school no more;
 So I'm resolved to form the plan
 To strive and profit all I can—

In Sunday-school.

Oh let our songs and praises rise
 Like grateful incense to the skies,
 For that rich grace, so free, so full,
 That brought us to the Sunday-school—

The Sunday-school.

SUMMER'S DAY. C. M. D.



2. But life eternal, who can tell
How long it shall endure?
The righteous shall for ever dwell
In mansions bright and pure.
The hours of childhood and of youth,
Of manhood and of age,
Should in the love of sacred truth
The innermost soul engage.

3. This life was given us to prepare
For that which is to come;
O may I gain admittance there
And find a heav'nly home!
And will the Lord my sins forgive
Through his redeeming love,
And bid me to his glory live,
And write my name above?

Words by the Com.

OUR OFFERINGS.

Music by M. W. Wilson.

LIVELY.

To day we come with singing And gladness in our breast, Our blooming off'rings

DUETT.

bringing For God has greatly blest. We spread our flowing ban - ners, And

TRIO.

lift our voices high; Our hymns and glad ho - san - nas Re - sounding thro' the sky.

CHORUS.

2 We come with exultation,

A joyful, happy band,

Proclaiming free salvation

To children of our land.

Loud ring the glowing anthem!

O! shout, "A Saviour slain!"

And let the mountains echo

The glories of his name.

3 Our souls be fill'd with gladness!

Let rapture swell the breast.

Ten thousand hearts are beating

For children in the west.

Shout, shout, ye saints, in triumph

The conqueror comes to reign,

Let Earth exalt her Saviour

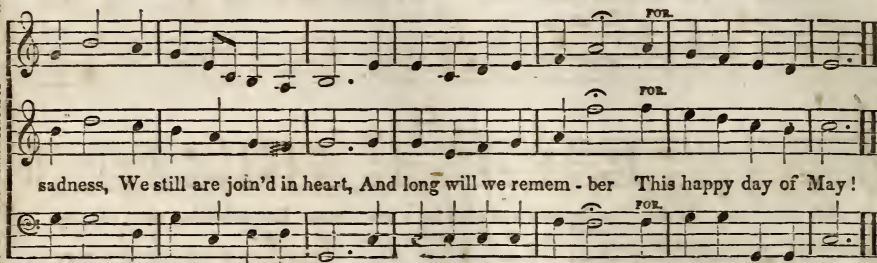
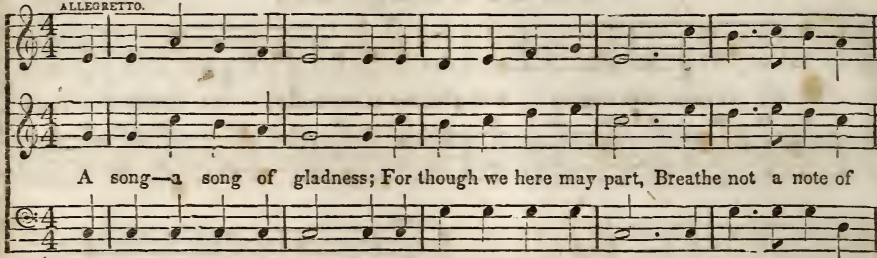
And bless Emmanuel's name.

Words by David M. Stone.

PARTING HYMN.

Music by Samuel Ashmead.

ALLEGRETTO.



2

Around thy throne of glory,
 Dear Jesus—angels sing;
 Telling to all the story
 O, Christ the Saviour-King.
 'Tis this that tunes our voices
 This happy day of May.

3

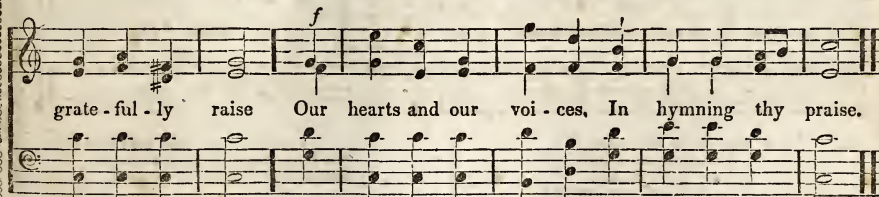
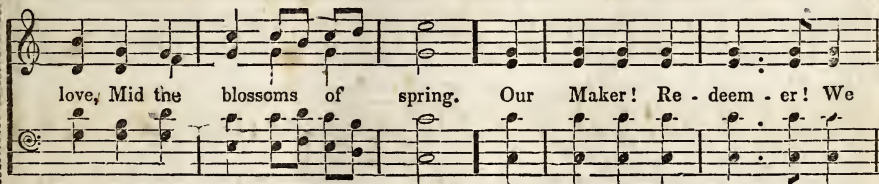
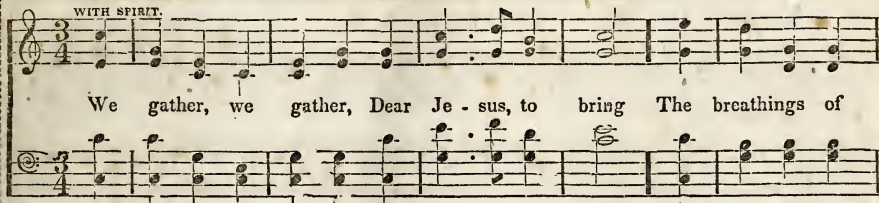
Send us a parting blessing,
 O, Father! from above;
 May we, thy grace possessing
 Be saved to sing thy love,
 And spend in Heaven forever,
 A long and happy day!

Words by J. M. Van Harlingen

THE GATHERING.

Music by M. W. Wilson.

WITH SPIRIT.



2 When stooping to earth
From the brightness of heav'n,
Thy blood for our ransom
So freely was giv'n;
Thou demandest to listen
While children adored,
With joyful Hosannas
Praise the Lord.

3 Those arms which embraced
Little children of old,
Still love to encircle
The lambs of the fold;
That grace which invit-
The wandering home
Hath never forbidden
The youngest to come.

4 Hosanna! Hosanna!
Great Teacher! we raise
Our hearts and our voices
In hymning thy praise,
For precept and promise
So graciously giv'n;
For blessings of earth
And the glories of Hea

32 *Carmina Sacra.*

LISCHER. H. M.

1. Dear Father ere we part, Now let thy grace descend,
And fill each youthful heart. With peace from Christ our friend, } May show's of blessings from above, De-
scend and fill our hearts with love, Descend and fill our hearts with love.
Descend and fill our hearts with love.

2. May we, in after years,
With gratitude review
The service of this day,
The work we now pursue;
And speed our way to worlds above
With hearts all fired with holy love.

3. We know that soon on earth
The fondest ties must end,—
Our own most cherished hopes

To death's cold hand must bend.
The fairest flowers in all their bloom,
Must soon lie withered in the tomb.

4. Then when our spirits leave
These tenements of clay,
May they to God who gave,
Ascend, in endless day,
Our parents teachers, friends,
That anthem sweet which never ends.

COME, LET US SING OF JESUS.

33

Words by REV. GEO. W. BETHUNE, D. D.

Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

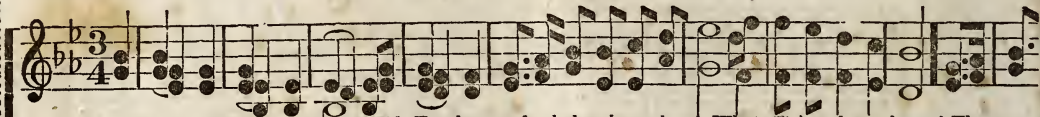
Come, let us sing of Je - sus, While hearts and accents blend, Come, let us sing of

Je - sus, The sin-ner's on - ly friend; His ho - ly soul re - joi - ces A -

mid the choirs above, To hear our youthful voi - ces Ex - ult - ing in his love.

We love to sing of Jesus,
Who wept our path along;
We love to sing of Jesus,
The tempted and the strong;
None who besought his healing,
He passed unheeded by;
And still retains his feeling
For us above the sky.
We love to sing of Jesus,
Who died our souls to save;
We love to sing of Jesus,
Triumphant o'er the grave;

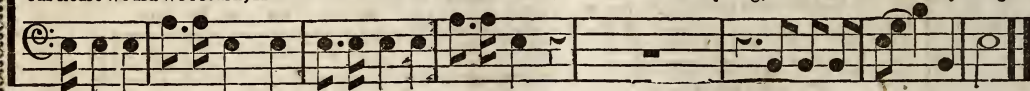
And in our hour of danger,
We'll trust his love alone,
Who once slept in a manger,
And now sits on the throne.
Then let us sing of Jesus,
While yet on earth we stay,
And hope to sing of Jesus
Through all eternal day;
For those, who here confess him,
He will in Heaven confess;
And faithful hearts that bless him,
He will for ever bless.



This vast as-sem-bly now conven'd, Teachers and scholars in one band, What off' rings do we bring? The grate-



ful heart would we return, And our unworthiness would mourn, Then let us humbly sing, Then let us humbly sing.



2. He who with loving-kindness crowns
Our pathway, in this world below,
Deserves our highest praise:
To Him, then, let our notes ascend;
Our Guardian—our Almighty friend—
In cheerful, grateful lays.

3. In all things, Lord! thy hand we see
Do Thou our "cloud and pillar" be,
To lead us through a land
Where Satan tempts—the world allures—
Where nothing but thy truth endures—
Oh! give us grace to stand.

4. The Sabbath-day's sweet rest is ours,
And swift do fly its sacred hours,
While listening to thy Word,
From kind instructors Thou hast given
To show our souls the way to heaven,
And lead us unto God.

5. Oh! let us swell the strain anew,
And glory give where it is due:
Yes, Saviour! we repeat,
That thou hast kept, preserved, and fed,
And from our number, many led
To worship at thy feet.

CELEBRATION.

35

Repeat in chorus the first four lines Come join, &c. in the last strain of music.

T. HASTINGS.

1. Come join our cel - e - bra - tion With hallowed songs of joy, And on this bright oc -

ca - sion Your sweetest notes em - ploy ; Pa - rents and friends in - vit - ed, And

teachers now are here, In pur - pose all u - nit - ed Our youthful hearts to cheer.

2 Thanks to the God of heaven,
Kind guardian of our race,
For all the favors given
Beneath his smiling face;
For health, and strength, and reason,
And friendship unalloyed;
And every pleasant season
In Sunday Schools enjoyed.

CHORUS—Come join, &c.

3. Thanks for the kind protection
God's arm is thrown around,
And for that sweet affection
He causes to abound
In those who're watching o'er us
With many an anxious sigh;
And seeking to restore us
To peace and heavenly joy.

CHORUS—Come join &c.

4. May God with many a blessing
Reward their toil and care;
And hear them while addressing
His throne in fervent prayer;
And may his love constraining,
Our youthful spirits bow;
And grace for ever reigning
Our inmost souls endow.

CHORUS—Come join, &c.

THE WAVING BANNER.

Words by T. HASTINGS.

Now we raise our tune-ful voi-ces, la a new, me-lo-dious song,
While each youth-ful heart re-joices To be-hold the gath'-ring throng.

CHORUS.—As we lift our wav-ing ban-ners To the breeze so soft and mild,

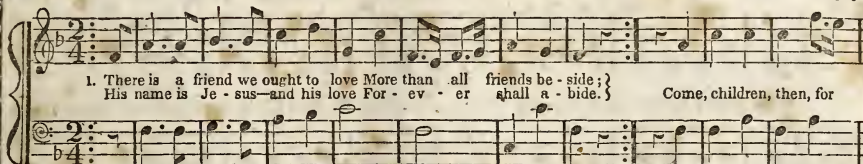
May the tide of glad ho-san-nas Flow from bo-soms un-de-filed.

Ye who join our celebration,
Sweetest melodies employ;
Bow with-us in adoration.
Fill'd with holy, heavenly joy.
CHORUS.—As we lift, &c.

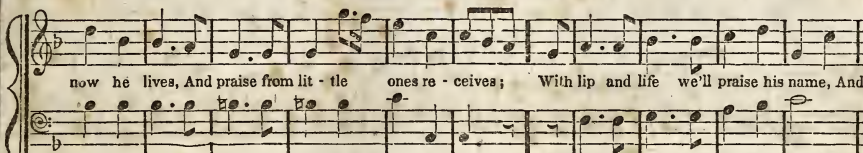
O, the great, the boundless favors
We're permitted to record!
May they quicken our endeavors
In the service of the Lord.
CHORUS.—As we lift, &c.

Teachers kind, whose care unceasing
All must honor and approve.
Thanks for labors still increasing—
Heaven reward your works of love.
CHORUS.—As we lift, &c.

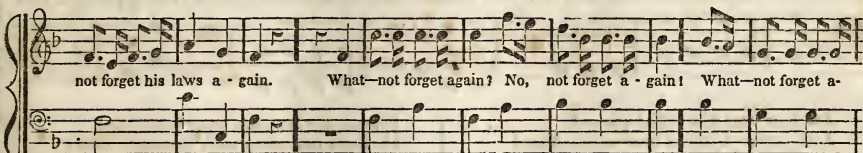
Thanks to God for every blessing
Which His bounteous hand bestows;
All on earth that's worth possessing,
From that hand incessant flows.
CHORUS.—As we lift, &c.



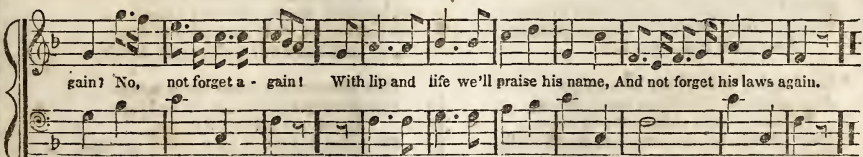
1. There is a friend we ought to love More than all friends be-side; }
His name is Je-sus—and his love For-ev-er shall a-bide. } Come, children, then, for



now he lives, And praise from lit-tle ones re- ceives; With lip and life we'll praise his name, And

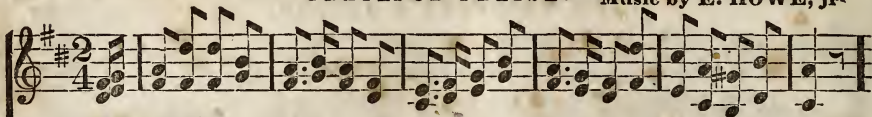


not forget his laws a- gain. What—not forget again? No, not forget a- gain! What—not forget a-

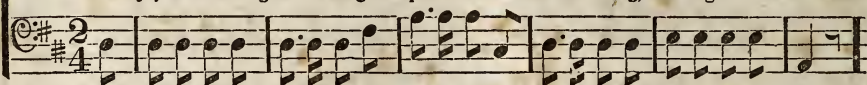


gain? No, not forget a- gain! With lip and life we'll praise his name, And not forget his laws again.

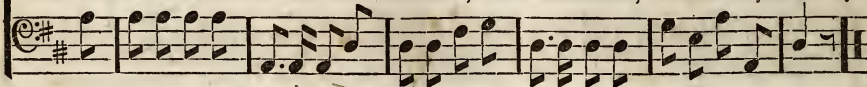
GRATEFUL PRAISE. Music by E. HOWE, jr-



With joyful hearts again we sing The praises of our Saviour King, And high our voices raise :



We bless the Lord that we were born In school to meet, each Sabbath morn, To chant our youthful lays.



Another year has rolled around,
And in sweet union here we're found
To God the glory give,
For all the means that he hath given,
That we may learn the way to heaven,
And with him ever live

To Sunday school we love to go,
And while we dwell on earth below,
Our Sunday school we'll bless.
Dear Teachers, too, we love them well,
For they of heavenly tidings tell,
And endless happiness.

For us our Saviour shed his blood;
He feeds our souls with heavenly food;
He gives us life and breath.
He sends his Spirit from above,
To draw us with his cords of love,
And save our souls from death.

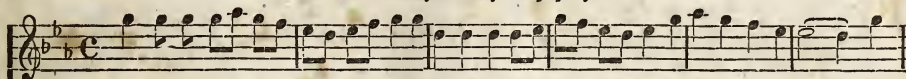
Our Heavenly Father we adore!
His gracious presence we implore
Upon our youthful band.
Oh! that his word may make us wise
And lead to bliss beyond the skies,
To dwell at his right hand.

L. C.

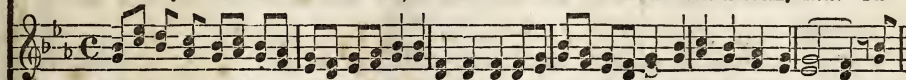
SWEET DAY OF REST.

39

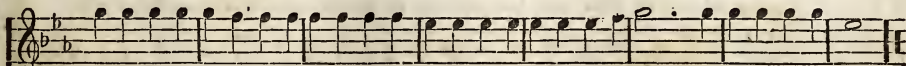
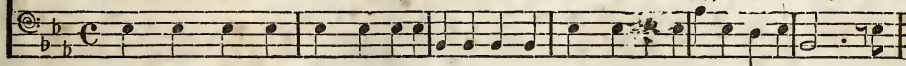
"There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God."



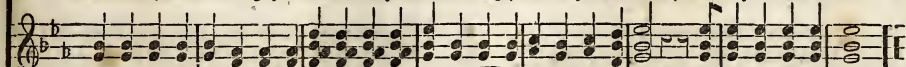
1. Sweet day of rest! for thee I'd wait, Emblem and earnest of a state Where saints are fully blest! For



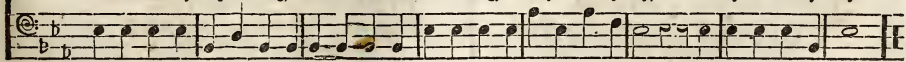
2. But oft (with shame I will confess) My privi-lege my bur - den joy, & - las! have I; When



thee I'd look, for thee I'd sigh; I'd count the days till thou art nigh, Sweet day of sacred rest, Sweet day of sacred rest!



I would take my harp and sing, I find it oft with-out a string, And lay it coldly by, And lay it cold-ly by.



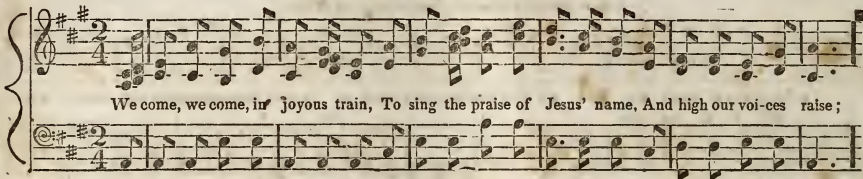
3. But while I thus confess my shame,
'Tis right that I should praise *his* name,
Who makes me sometimes sing;
Yes, Lord, (I'll speak it to thy praise)
My cheerful song I sometimes raise,
And triumph in my King.

4. O! let the case be always so,
My song no interruption know,
Till death shall seal my tongue;
In heav'n a nobler strain I raise,
And rest from ev'ry thing but praise,
My heaven an endless song.

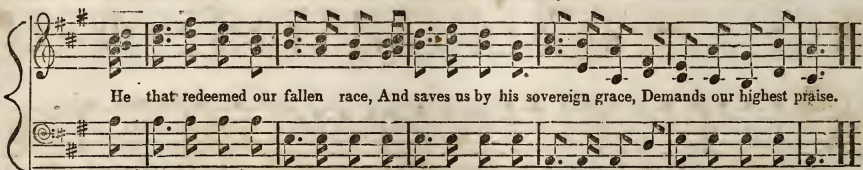
Am. S. S. Union.]

[146 Chestnut st., Philada.

Quick.



We come, we come, in joyous train, To sing the praise of Jesus' name, And high our voices raise ;



He that redeemed our fallen race, And saves us by his sovereign grace, Demands our highest praise.

Oh Jesus ! thou exalted King,
To thee our offering now we bring :
 May we our tongues employ
To swell the song of dying love,
Which ransomed souls now sing above
 While heaven is filled with joy.

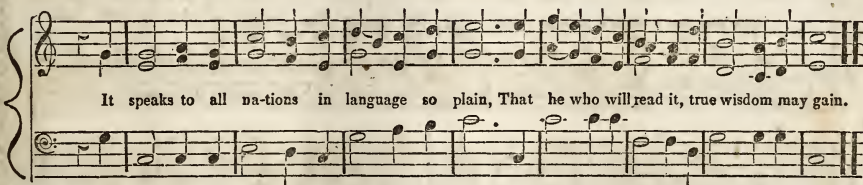
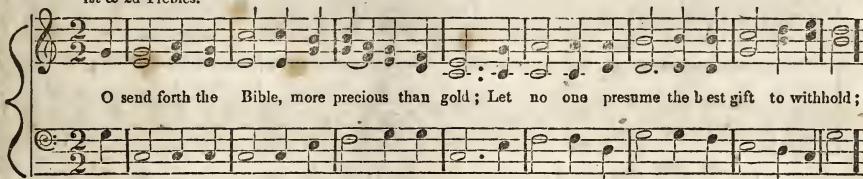
Thou blessed Lamb that once was slain,
Who bore the cross, endured its pain,
 And died on Calvary's hill :
We hail thee as the risen Lord,
Who came according to thy word,
 To do thy Father's will.

Then shout aloud in joyful strains,
'Tis Jesus Christ forever reigns,
 High on his throne above ;
And may the heavenly choirs on high,
Send back the echo in reply,
 To this our song of love.

O, SEND FORTH THE BIBLE.

T. Hastings. 41

1st & 2d Trebles.



It points us to hea-ven where the righteous will go;
It warns us to shun the dark regions of woe;
It shows us the evil and dangers of sin,
And opens a fountain for cleansing within.

It tells us of One who is mighty to save,
Who died on the cross, and arose from the grave;
Who dwelleth on high, in that holy abode,
Interceding for man, with a pardoning God.

It tells us that all will awake from the tomb;
Bids sinners reflect in a judgment to come;
It tells us that mansions of bliss are prepared,
The hope of believers—their glorious award.

Oh, who would neglect such a volume as this,
That warns us from danger, invites us to bliss!
Send forth the blest Bible, earth's regions around,
Wherever the footsteps of man shall be found.

PRECIOUS SAVIOUR.

Words by JOHN RUSTON.

Music by ALFRED WEBB.

Precious Saviour! of sal - va - tion, We, this fes - tal day, would sing, And would make our cele - bra - tion,

With our Sa - viour's praises ring. 'Tis thy mer - cy that hath led us To the Sab - bath -

schools we love, And our teach - ers there have fed us With the man - na from a - bove.

Precious Saviour! 'tis thy blessing
 Cheers us in the morn of life;
 Helps us onward to be pressing,
 'Mid earth's sorrows and its strife;
 Guards from fascinating pleasures
 That would lead our feet astray;
 Sets before us heavenly treasures,
 While we walk the narrow way.

Precious Saviour! we adore thee,
 For thy many mercies shown,
 Let our praises come before thee,
 Find acceptance at thy throne;
 Thus our songs to heaven ascending,
 Join with those of saints above,
 And with angel-voices blending,
 Celebrate redeeming love.

NOW BE THE GOSPEL BANNER.

43

Allegro.

Now be the Gospel banner, In eve-ry land unfurled ; And be the shout, Hosanna, Re-echoed through th.

GIRLS.
world, Till every isle and nation, Till every tribe and tongue Receive the great sal - va - tion, Re-

ceive the great sal - va - tion, Receive the great sal - va - tion, And join the hap - py throng.

2.

What though th'embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine ?
His arm, throughout their regions
Shall soon resplendent shine ;
Ride on, O Lord, victorious,
Immanuel, Prince of Peace !
Thy triumph shall be glorious—
Thy empire still increase.

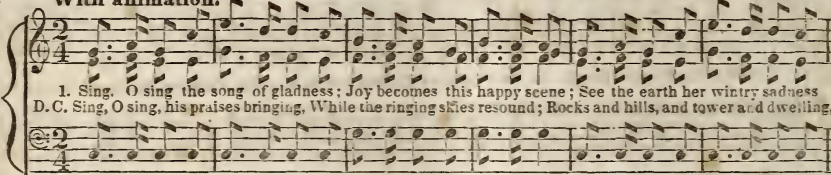
3.

Yes—thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings,
Thy light, thy love, thy favor—
Each ransomed captive sings ;
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise ;
The hills and vallies greeting,
The song responsive raise.

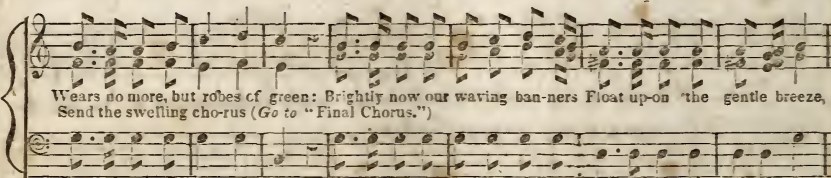
SONG OF GLADNESS.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

With animation.

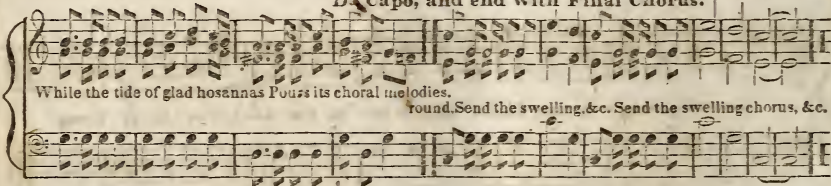


1. Sing, O sing the song of gladness; Joy becomes this happy scene; See the earth her wintry sadness
 D. C. Sing, O sing, his praises bringing, While the ringing skies resound; Rocks and hills, and tower and dwelling,



Wears no more, but robes of green: Brightly now our waving ban-ners float up-on 'the gentle breeze,
 Send the swelling cho-rus (Go to "Final Chorus.")

Da Capo, and end with Final Chorus.



While the tide of glad hosannas Pours its choral melodies,
 Round. Send the swelling, &c. Send the swelling chorus, &c.

2. Sing his mercy that doth keep us
 While our years are flitting by;
 Pouring all its richest treasures,
 Guarding with a father's eye—
 Countless as the stars of heaven,
 Richer far than golden store.
 Are the blessings he has given,
 Freely as the summer's show'r.

CHORUS. Sing, O sing, &c.

3. Sing his love, all love surpassing!
 How his only Son he gave
 On the cruel cross to suffer,
 From its doom the soul to save.
 Children, will you hear the story,
 And refuse his pard'ning love?
 Come, O come and share his glory
 In the worlds of light above.

CHORUS. Sing, O sing, &c.

ANNUAL MEETING.

45

Words by L. CHAPMAN, Esq.

(3d HYMN.)

Music by T. HASTINGS.

1. How pleasant here a - gain to meet; How joy-ful thus to raise Our tune-ful notes in

1. songs so sweet, To our Re-deem-er's praise, To us he has been ev - er kind; O

bles-sed be his name; He bears us still up - on his mind; His love remains the same.

2. Then let us strive, while we have breath,
His precepts to obey;
For soon the solemn hour of death,
Will summon us away,
The dear delights we now enjoy,
Will then have passed away;
But Heaven affords more sweet employ,
Through one eternal day.

3. To our dear friends, assembled here,
A debt of love we owe,
For acts of kindness, year by year,
Which they on us bestow,
May God in mercy bless them all
With hope, and joy, and peace,
And with us meet, when He shall call,
Where pleasures never cease.

"THE BIBLE! THE BIBLE!"

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! more pre-cious than gold, The hopes and the glo - ries its
 2. The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! blest vol - ume of truth, How sweetly it smiles on the

1. pa - ges un - fold; It speaks of a Sa - viour, and tells of his love; It
 2. sea - son of youth; It bids us seek ear - ly the pearl of great price, Ere

1. shows us the way to the man-sions a-bove, It shows us the way to the mansions above.
 2. wh' heart is enslaved in the bon-dage of vice, Ere th' heart is enslaved in the bondage of vice.

3. The Bible! the Bible! we hail it with joy,
 Its truths and its glories our tongues shall employ;
 We 'll sing of its triumphs, we 'll tell of its worth,
 And send its glad tidings afar o'er the earth.

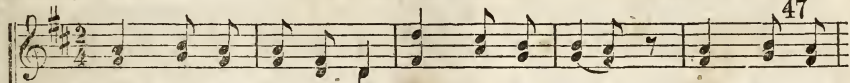
4. The Bible! the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
 And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing;
 Our banners, inscribed with its precepts and rules,
 Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our Schools.

Words by L. WILDER.

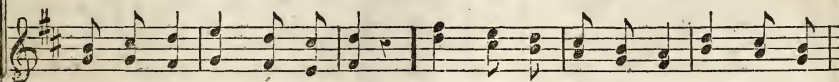
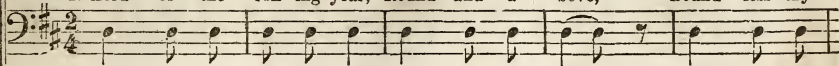
FESTIVE SONG.

Music by ASAHEL ABBOT.

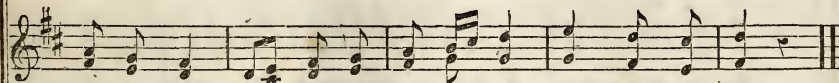
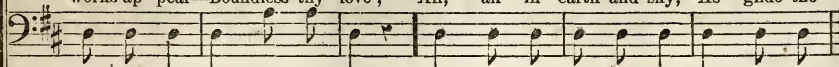
47



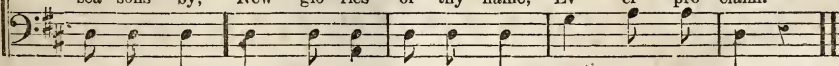
1. Come, join the fes-tive Song, Wake voi-ces all; Chime with the
2. Lord of the roll-ing year, Round and a - bove, Bound - less thy



ver-nal throng, List to the call; Hear we in eve-ry breeze, From vale and
works ap-pear—Boundless thy love; All, all in earth and sky, As glide the



mountain trees, Glad notes of na-ture say, Join, ye my lay.
sea's sons by, New glo-ries of thy name, Ev-er pro-claim.



3. Joyous we swell the strain,
Thankful to Thee,
Watched by thy care, again
Spring-tide to see:
Still in this gospel-land
Throngs forth the *Sabbath band*,
Under Truth's canopy,
Happy and free.

4. Onward forever flow,
Truth's mighty wave,
Soon ev'ry clime below
Conquer and save.
Sweet as the voice of Spring,
Then ev'ry tongue shall sing,
Glory to God on high,
Glory for aye.

CHRIST-THE RIVER OF LIFE.

Words by TH. TABOR, Esq., Jersey City.

Music by L. WILDER.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. Each system has a treble clef staff for the voice and a bass clef staff for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the piano accompaniment providing a steady harmonic support.

1. O! there is a riv - er whose fresh wa - ters flow O'er Earth's broadest
sur - face, a cure for all woe; Its streams are all heal - ing, there's
life in each wave, O try it and prove it, 'tis mighty to save.

2. O, drink of this river, its full, crystal flood
Refreshes and lightens of sin's weary load,
Its ripples ne'er mix with the billows of strife;
This is the "Pure River of Water of Life."

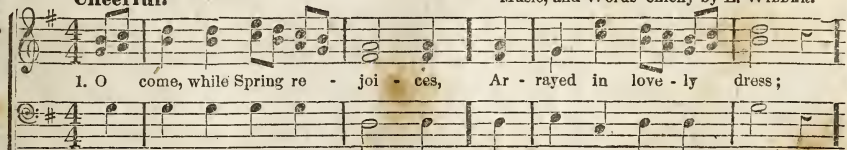
3. This beautiful river our boast well may!
'Tis *fresh, overflowing*,—and better, 'tis *FREE*!
The sin-sick rejoice in this "peace speaking" tide,
This river is Jesus, "the once crucified."

OPENING HYMN. God seen in his Works.

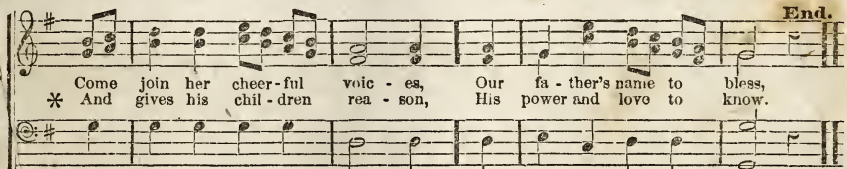
49

Cheerful.

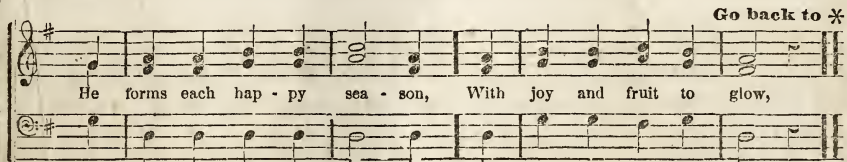
Music, and Words chiefly by L. WILDER.



I. O come, while Spring re - joi - ces, Ar - rayed in love - ly dress;



End.
Come join her cheer - ful voi - ce, Our fa - ther's name to bless,
* And gives his chil - dren rea - son, His power and love to know.



Go back to *
He forms each hap - py sea - son, With joy and fruit to glow,

2.
Go read the book of nature;
Go ponder every line;
In every plant and creature,
There sings a voice divine;
That God has made in beauty,
The world in which we live;
To teach the blissful duty,
To know him and believe.

3.
We hear it in the mountain;
We hear it in the rill;
In every sparkling fountain;
In every vocal hill;
Bright suns and stars in motion,
Him day and night proclaim,
While earth, and boundless ocean,
Resound their Maker's name.

THE TREE OF LIFE.

Distinctly, and moderately quick.

Music and Words by L. WILDER.

1. { On a hill stands a beau - ti - ful tree, Its fruit is all golden and fair,
And its shade and its treasures are free, For all who may thither re - pair. }

Duet ad lib.

Its leaves ev - er green do not die, Its flowers with fragrance a - bound,

Its splendor en - raptures the eye, Its branches with mu - sic re - sound.

2.
Though thousands by night and by day
Have feasted and gathered in store,
Have borne its rich bounties away,
Its fullness remains evermore:
O, what is its name? who can tell?
And the hill—where, O, where can it be?
By thy side I will bask me to dwell,
O wonderful—beautiful tree.

3.
On Zion's fair mount you behold
Its form in bright grandeur arise,
There glitter its green and its gold,
There lifts its tall head to the skies:
'Twas planted by Infinite love,
From the hill everlasting it came,
TRUTH ETERNAL, they call it above;
But, BIBLE, on earth, is its name.

CLOSING HYMN.

51

Devoutly.

Music and Words by L. WILDER.

1. { Heavenly Fa - ther, grant thy bless - ing, While thy praise we hum - bly sing, }
 Sin - ful hearts and lives con - fess - ing, Nothing wor - thy can we bring; }

Duet ad lib.

Yet thy book of love hath taught us, Thou wilt kind - ly bow thine ear,

For the sake of him who bought us, We may call, and Thou wilt hear.

2.

What a boon to us is given,
 Thus to lift our voice on high,
 Well assured the ear of heaven
 Hears our wants, and will supply.
 Weak and sinful, O how often,
 Must we look to God alone,
 For his grace our hearts to soften,
 And sustain us as his own.

3.

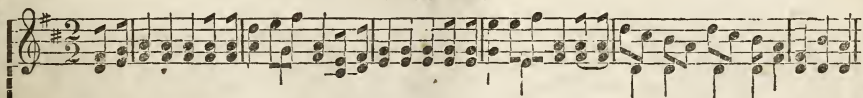
Bless, O Lord, this happy meeting,
 While we stay, and when we go,
 Here our hearts in friendly greeting,
 Gladly join thy praise below;
 But all earthly unions sever,
 All their pleasures quickly fly,
 O for grace to praise thee ever,
 In that better world on high.

1 On Sab-bath morn-ing, O how plea-sant To come to Sab-bath school!
 2 For there we meet each gen-tle teach-er, With-out a frown or rod!

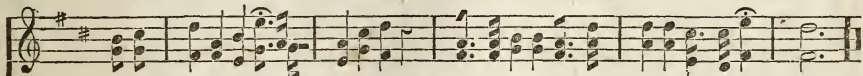
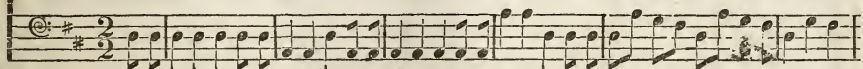
When eve-ry hap-py child is pre-sent, And eve-ry seat is full.
 And some-times too, our dear, kind preach-er, Who speak to us of God.

- 3 But, best of all, the lowly Saviour
 Is where his children meet,
 And show, by quiet, meek behaviour,
 They're sitting at his feet.
- 4 How sweet, when all are lowly bending,
 To ask His blessing there;
 Or when in praise our voices blending,
 Thank Him who hears the prayer.
- 5 The blessed Bible then engages
 Each youthful heart and eye,
 To learn of God's own holy pages
 The wisdom from on high.

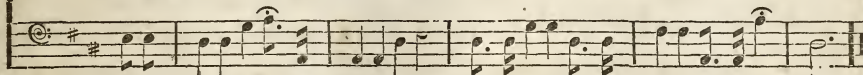
- 6 And surely He, who feeds the flowers
 With heaven's own morning dew,
 Will send on our young hearts the showers
 Of heavenly blessing too.
- 7 Then let us gladly gather round Him,
 And love Him while we may,
 For they who seek have always found Him,
 E'en in their early day.
- 8 And when life's Sabbaths all are ended,
 We all may meet above,
 Where He for us hath now ascended,
 Our Father's house of love.



Lord, hear our song, while we swell thy praise, That with pure young hearts we would strive to raise.
The lambs of thy flock, O, now gather in,



Thou canst keep us, Saviour, from every sin Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!



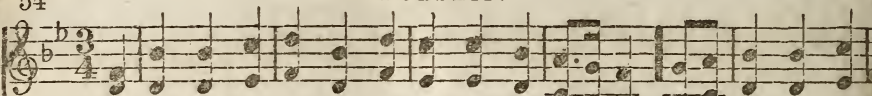
Lord, hear our song, while we swell thy praise,
That with pure young hearts we would strive to raise,
The lambs of thy flock, O now gather in;
Thou canst keep us, Saviour, from every sin.

Though but children all, we can ne'er forget
Our great Lord and King, who for sinners wept,
Whom our teachers have taught us to praise and love:
Tho' he wept on earth, now he reigns above.

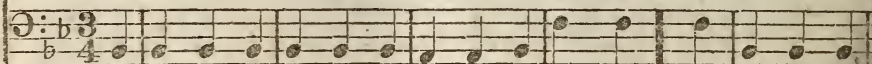
But those mournful scenes are gone, all gone,
And we cannot, cannot think thereon.
Dear Shepherd, the sufferings thou hast endured,
Thy wandering lambs to thy fold have lured.

Now we come, we come to be gathered in
To thy fold, kind Shepherd, and kept from sin
Dear Saviour, now fold us beneath thy wing;
We have come, all come to be gathered in.

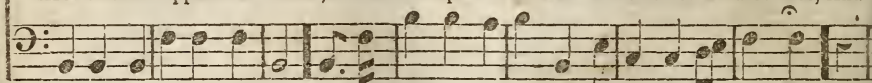
MISS C. O. L.



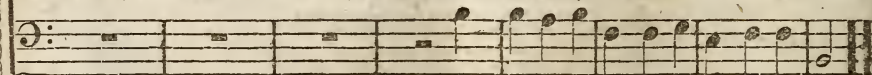
1. O Lord, let our songs find ac-cept-ance be-fore thee, And pierce thro' the



skies to thine uppermost throne; For thou stoopest to lis-ten when children a-dore thee, And

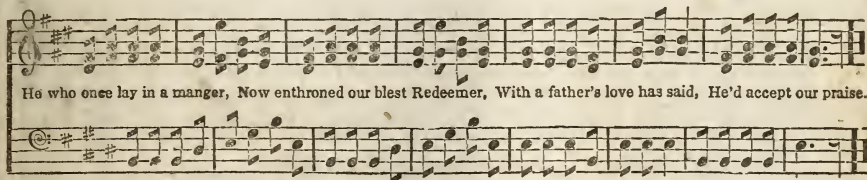
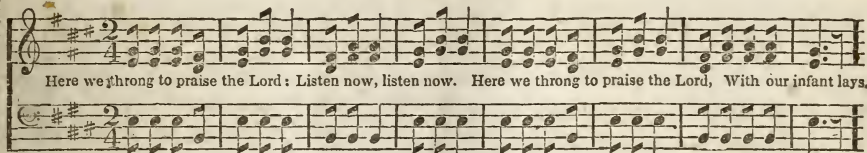


sendest thy blessings, and sendest thy blessings, And sendest thy blessings like messengers down.



2. Our Father, our Father, we ask thee to guide us,
And keep us from sin till life's journey be o'er;
Then the last sigh of nature, whate'er else betide us,
Shall waft us to glory, when time is no more.

2. Then, then will we sing the sweet song of the blessed,
And mingle our strains with the myriads above;
Far surpassing all strains that our tongues e'er expressed,
And Jesus, the chorus, and Infinite Love.



1.

Here we throng to praise the Lord;
Listen now, listen now.
Here we throng to praise the Lord
With our infant lays.
He who once lay in a manger,
Now enthroned our blest Redeemer,
With a father's love has said,
He'd accept our praise.

2.

"Let young children come to me,"
Jesus said, Jesus said;
"Let young children come to me,
And forbid them not.
"For of such," the Saviour told them,
"Is composed my heavenly kingdom."
What a rapturous thought it is,
Christ forgets us not!

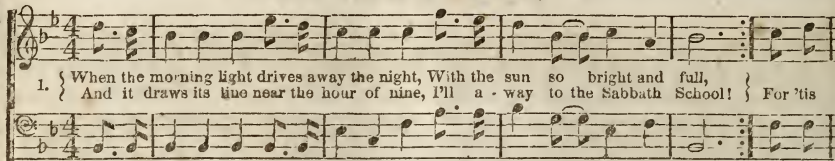
3.

Let us love, and now adore;
Love him now, love him now.
Let us love, and now adore,
In our youthful strength.
Let us never grieve our Saviour,
Who hath died to win us favor.
Ah! this thought should melt our hearts,
Children's hearts can melt.

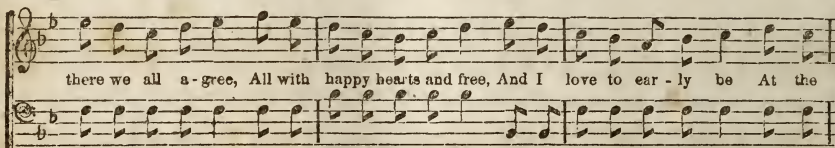
4.

But we'll have a joyous song,
Joyous song, joyous song;
But we'll have a joyous song
For our jubilee.
Jesus lives and reigns forever;
This will make us joyous ever.
Saviour, hear this praise to thee,
Who remembered me.

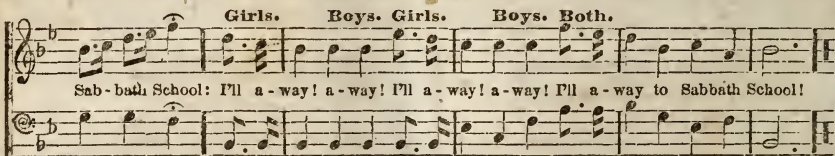
MISS CAROLINE O. LAMSON.



1. { When the morning light drives away the night, With the sun so bright and full,
And it draws its hue near the hour of nine, I'll a - way to the Sabbath School! } For 'tis



there we all a - gree, All with happy hearts and free, And I love to ear - ly be At the



Girls. Boys. Girls. Boys. Both.
Sabbath School: I'll a - way! a - way! I'll a - way! a - way! I'll a - way to Sabbath School!

2. On the frosty dawn of a winter's morn,
When the earth is wrapped in snow,
Or the summer breeze plays round the trees,
To the Sabbath school I go;
When the holy day has come,
And the Sabbath breakers roam,
I delight to leave my home,
For the Sabbath school: *I'll away! &c.*
3. In the class I meet with the friends I greet,
At the time of morning prayer;
And our hearts we raise in a hymn of praise,
For 'tis always pleasant there:

In the Book of holy truth,
Full of counsel and reproof,
We behold the guide of youth,
At the Sabbath school: *I'll away! &c.*

4. May the dews of grace fill the hallowed place,
And the sunshine never fail,
While each blooming rose which in memory grows,
Shall a sweet perfume exha - le:
When we mingle here no more,
But have met on Jordan's shore,
We will talk of moments o'er,
At the Sabbath school: *I'll away! &c.*

HYMN. "Let every heart rejoice."

57

Allegro Maestoso. f

Dim.

1. { Let every heart rejoice and sing; Let choral anthems rise; } For he is good; The
 2. { Ye reverend men and children bring To God your sac - ri - fice; }
 { He bids the sun to rise and set; In heaven his power is known; } For he is good; The
 { And earth subdued to him, shall yet Bow low be - fore his throne; }

Lord is good, And kind are all his ways; With songs and honors sounding loud, The Lord Jehovah

f Unisons.

praise, While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills, A glorious an - them raise: Let

each prolong the grateful song, And the God of our fathers praise, And the God of our fathers praise.

DARK NIGHT AWAY HATH ROLL'D.

1st & 2d TREBLES.

NURSERY SONGS, by permission.

The musical score is written for two treble clefs. The first system has a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The melody is: D4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter). The bass line is: D4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter). The second system has a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The melody is: D4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter). The bass line is: D4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter).

Dark night a - way hath roll'd, Glad birds are soar - ing high;

The sun with rays of gold, Looks from the daz - zling sky.

1 Dark night away hath roll'd
 Glad birds are soaring high;
 The sun with rays of gold,
 Looks from the dazzling sky.

2 Teach me to thank the Power,
 Whose hand sustains me so:
 Who o'er each fragrant flower
 Bids dews of mercy flow.

3 O raise my heart above,
 Where angel hosts adore;
 I'll praise thee for thy love,
 And count thy mercies o'er.

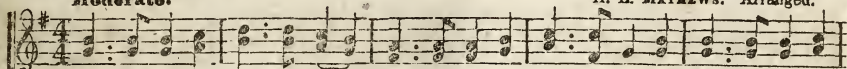
L. H. S.

THERE'LL BE NO PARTING THERE!

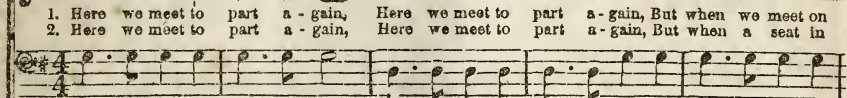
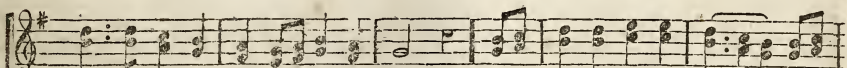
59

Moderate.

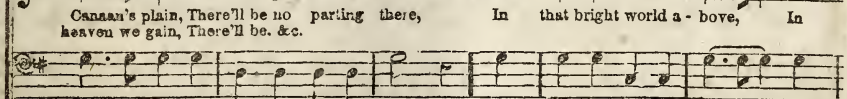
H. E. MATHEWS. Arranged.



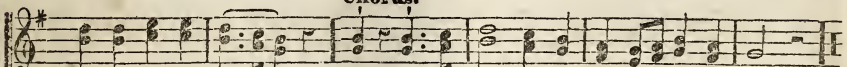
1. Here we meet to part a - gain, Here we meet to part a - gain, But when we meet on
2. Here we meet to part a - gain, Here we meet to part a - gain, But when a seat in

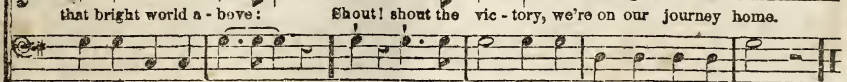
Canaan's plain, There'll be no parting there, In that bright world a - bove, In
heaven we gain, There'll be. &c.



Chorus.



that bright world a - bove: Shout! shout the vic - tory, we're on our journey home.



3. Here we meet to part again,
But there we shall with Jesus reign,
There'll be, &c.

4. Here we meet to part again,
But when we join the heavenly train,
There'll be, &c.

ADDITIONAL WORDS FOR SECOND HYMN.

3. He placed us in this happy land,
Gave us the Sabbath school,
And teachers faithful, good, and kind,
With hearts of love so full; *For he is, &c.*

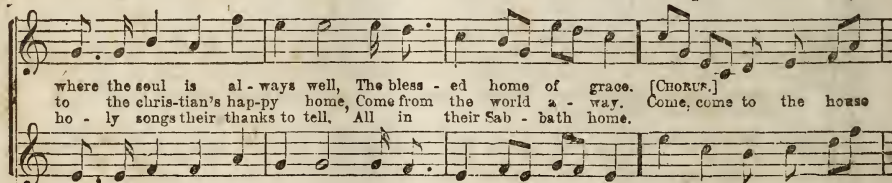
4. We praise him for his only Son,
We praise him for his love,
And when on earth our race is run,
We'll sing his praise above; *For he is, &c.*

THE CHILDREN'S CALL TO HEAVEN.

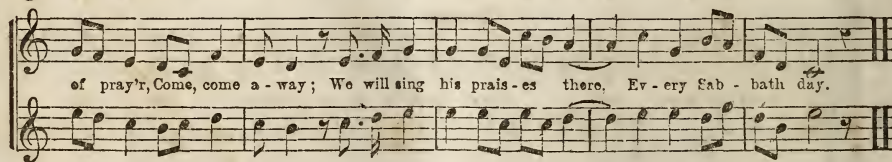
Music by J. E. GAMBLE.



1. Come at the sound of the Sab-bath bell, Come to the ho - ly place; Come
 2. Where hea - ven - ly an - gels love to come, Each ho - ly Sab - bath day; Come
 3. 'Tis Je - sus calls with the Sab - bath bell, Let chris - tian Chil - dren come; In



where the soul is al - ways well, The bless - ed home of grace. [CHORUS]
 to the chris - tian's hap - py home, Come from the world a - way. Come, come to the house
 ho - ly songs their thanks to tell, All in their Sab - bath home.



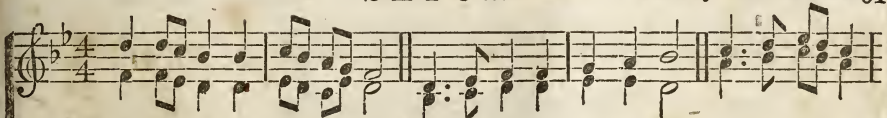
of pray'r, Come, come a - way; We will sing his prais - es there. Ev - ery Sab - bath day.

4. That holy place--is heaven below,
 The Sabbath-joy and rest;--
 Like the bright world where we may go,
 The home of all the blest. Come, &c.
5. The house of God, and the house of pray'r
 With Jesus ever nigh;
 Let children come, and early there
 Prepare to meet on high. Come, &c.

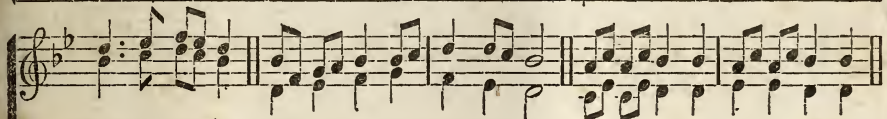
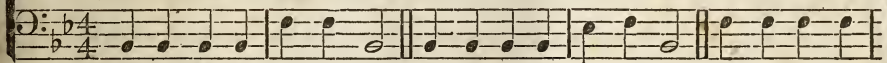
6. From earthly scenes we must soon away,
 To give account at last,
 Bright golden hours, the Sabbath day,
 The all are fleeting fast. Come, &c.
7. Lord, we would come, our spirits would flee
 Life's little journey o'er,
 Teacher and taught, would dwell with Thee
 On Canaan's happy shore. Come, &c.

SETON.

Music by Chas. W. Lord. 61



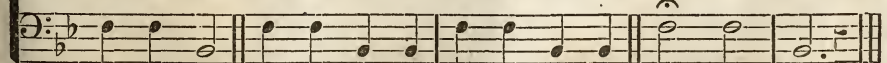
1. "Let the child-ren come to me," Once on earth the Sa-viour said; Then up-on them



with a bless-ing, Hands di-vine were gent-ly laud. Come to Je-sus, lit-tle child-ren,



Come a-way— Come to Je-sus, lit-tle child-ren, Come to-day



2. Still that voice of gentle love
Calls away from earth and sin;
Let the children early seeking,
Serve him now—to-day begin.

Come to Jesus, youthful Pilgrim, Learn the way;
Come to Jesus, youthful Pilgrim, Nor delay.

3. "Suffer them, forbid them not"—
They my Father's blessing share;
Thus he speaks,—"Theirs too the kingdom,"—
Train them with a pious care.

Come to Jesus, youthful Pilgrim, Come to-day;
Come to Jesus, little children, Come away.

1. Praise to God, the great Cre - a - tor, Praise to God from eve - ry tongue; Join, my soul, with

eve - ry crea - ture, Join the u - ni ver - sal song, Join the u - ni ver - sal song.

2. Father, source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise him for his love divine.

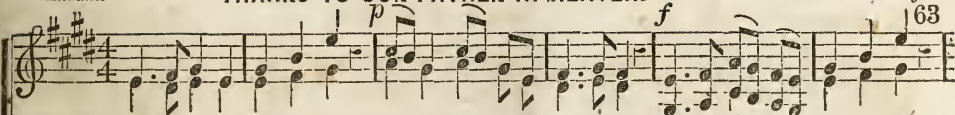
3. Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
Then enraptured fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

Andante

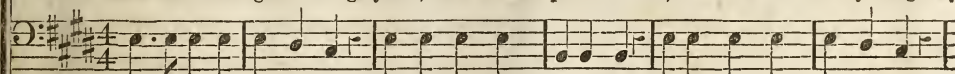
THANKS TO OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

H. E. MATHEWS. *Arranged.*

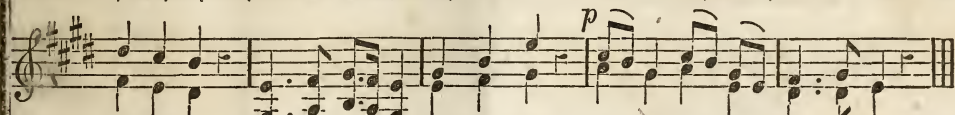
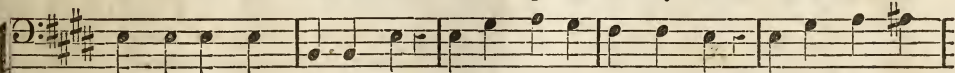
63



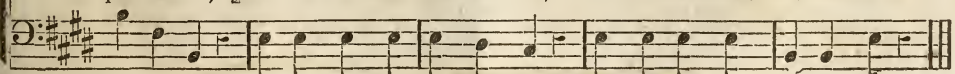
1. Father, hear! to thee we raise Grateful songs and hymns of praise; Let thy blessing on us rest,
2. Thou hast given us friends most dear; Parents, teachers, loved ones here, Who for us both watch and pray,
3. Lord! be thou our guide through youth, Lead us in the paths of truth; Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,



With thy smile may we be blest. Thanks to Thee, our Fa-ther kind, That pro-vi-sion
And would lead in the right way. Give us grace to hear their voice, And may wis-dom
Fit us for the realms of bliss. Thus we hope to do thy will— In the world our



for the mind Thou hast made, and to us given In thy love, as rich as heaven.
be our choice; On-ward press and up-ward move, Bless-ing all by deeds of love.
part-ful-fill; And when life's brief hour is o'er, Meet in heaven and love Thee more.



1. Come, let us sweetly sing, join in full chorus, Praise to the mighty King, Him who reigneth o'er us!
 2. Hail! hail to Him who once slept in a manger, Wandered from place to place, homeless and a stranger

Once He, a lit-tle child, gentle and low-ly, Taught us how we should live, loving, pure, and lowly.
 Suffered and died for us,—O wondrous sto-ry! Suffered that we might all dwell with Him in glo-ry.

O! Thou who once did hear children when singing,
 Thou who did'st sweetly say, Suffer ye their bringing;
 From thy bright home above graciously bending,
 List to our joyful songs, gratefully ascending.

Be Thou our guard and guide, grant us thy Spirit,
 Own us as thine at last, through thy perfect merit;
 Then shall we sweetly sing in angelic chorus,
 Praise evermore to Him who shall there reign o'er us.

Moderato.

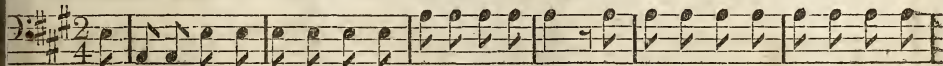
CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

H. E. MATHEWS. *Arranged.*

65



1. A-round the throne of God in heav'n, Thousands of children stand; Children whose sins are all forgiv'n, A

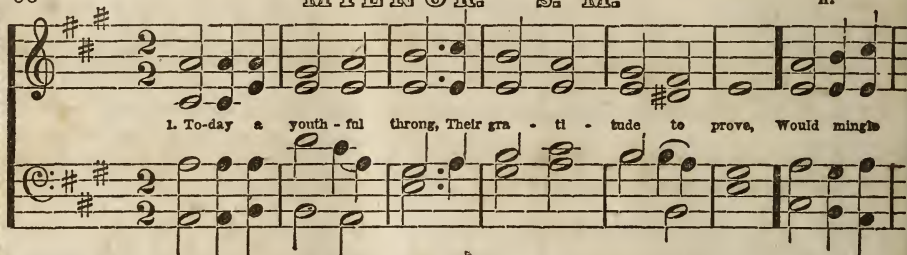


ho - ly, hap - py band, Singing Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry be to God on high.

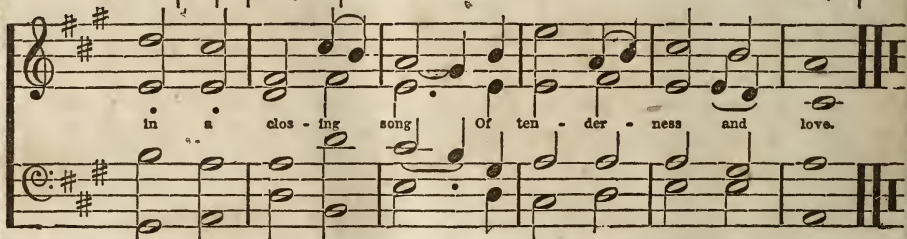


- 2 In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
Singing, &c.
- 3 What brought them to that world above?
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love :—
How came those children there?
Singing, &c.

- 4 Because the Savior shed his blood,
To wash away their sin :
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean !
Singing, &c.
- 5 On earth they sought the Savior's grace,
On earth they loved his name ;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing Glory, glory, glory be to God on high.



1. To-day a youth - ful throng, Their gra - ti - tude to prove, Would mingle



in a clos - ing song Of ten - der - ness and love.

2. Why has a pastor's care
So kindly been bestowed,
While many a sweet and ardent prayer
From his full heart has flowed?
3. And why has truth divine
Soft from his lips distilled?
Why should his heart so much incline,
Toward ev'ry little child
4. With him how many a year
Of precious time has flown!

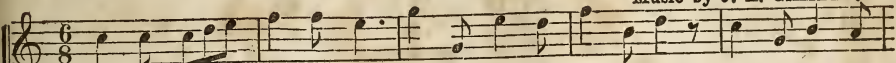
The day of his reward is near,
To wear a starry crown.

5. Yet may a God of grace,
Who all the glory claims,
Still spare him in this hallowed place
To feed the tender lambs.
6. And may our hearts no more
Incline to sinful ways,
But learn our Saviour to adore
And give to God the praise.

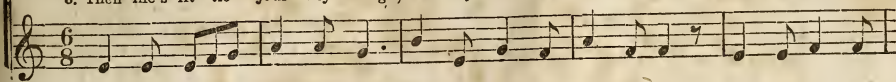
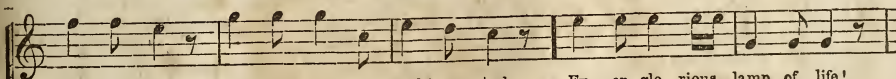
* The hymn was written four or five years ago, for a Sunday-school celebration at St. George's church, then under the care of the late Rev. Dr. Hibbard.

THE BIBLE.

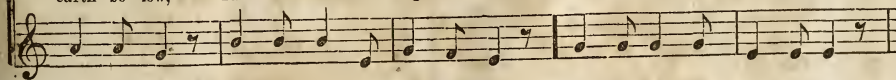
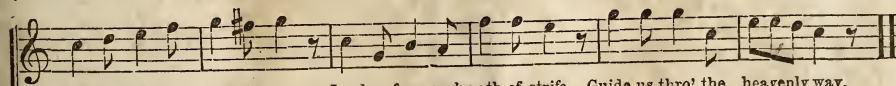
Music by J. E. GAMBLE.



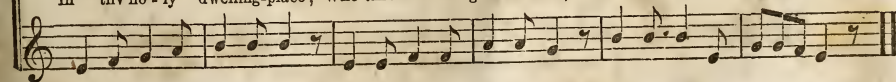
1. Bless-ed Bible! source of light, And of bless-ing to the soul; Al-ways guide our
 2. Bless-ed book of all be-side, Foun-tain of the pur-est truth; We would have thee
 3. Then life's lit-tle jour-ney through, With Thy ear-ly bless-ing given; Should our days on

hearts a-right, And our er-ring thoughts con-trol. Ev-er glo-rious lamp of life!
 as our guide, Thro' the ma-n-y snares of youth. Gra-cious Fa-ther, on-ly Thou,
 earth be few, Take us then to sing in heaven. There to thank Thee ev-er-more,

Shine up-on us all the way; Lead us from each path of strife, Guide us thro' the heavenly way.
 Such a bless-ing canst be-stow, Watch our hearts and guide us now, While we so-journ here be-low.
 In thy ho-ly dwell-ing-place; Who thro' life has guid-ed o'er, By the bless-ings of thy grace.



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